Deadline For Copy For Our Annual

Christmas Greeting Issue

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Historic Appomattox Gave
Unity and Peace to America

TIMES-VIRGINIAN

A Growing Newspaper
In A Growing Town

A LIVE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER AT HISTORIC APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE VIRGINIA

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A Christmas Editorial

Gentle Readers:

We are happy and proud to present our annual Christmas Greeting issue, filled with sincere and friendly messages of goodwill and gratitude. The Publishers join with the many greeting sentiments included in this issue, and it is our prayer that this 1959 Christmas Season be a happy and memorable one for each of you.

Having said that, in all humility and honesty of spirit, we ask your indulgence for a bit of a "Christmas Letter" to our readers. It seems to us that the year 1959 has been featured by notable events.

There was the highly publicized visit to the United States of the Russian leader, Nikita Khruschev. We were most anxious to find what manner of man he was and what chances there were, really, for world understanding and peace.

And now, there has just been concluded an eventful world tour by President Eisenhower. Returning to Washington, just at Christmas, our President has contributed greatly to the cause of Peace, and, somehow, as today we settle down for our traditional Christmas Season of family gatherings, of goodwill and religious observances of the Birth of Christ, most of us actually feel "better about things." We rejoice in the hope that we are "getting some place" in progress toward the goal of The Babe of Bethlehem. Ah, yes, there will be setbacks and disappointments. Crimes and all manner of evils will beset us. But this Christmas of 1959, we indulge in Hope, pray with Faith, and strive to live in Love.

Now, as we see it, this ties in with Appomattox.

Christmas is the Birthday of The Prince of Peace. Appomattox is the spot where Great American Gentlemen made Peace come true for our nation. It is as simple as that.

The True Destiny of our Historic Appomattox is to stand before the world as an Ideal of Peace.

This Christmas Season gives us the opportunity to recall that back some seven years ago, your Editor and his wife traveled slowly across America, in an eye-opening adventure into the vastness and greatness of our nation. One of the top experiences of that trip came in Los Angeles, California. There we visited a famous Restaurant — Clifton's — and we brought back a fabulous story. In the basement of this Restaurant, the owners had re-created The Garden of Gethsemene, and it was just perfect, and no-one who has ever been privileged to see the scene and atmosphere therin created, will ever forget it. With that sentiment in mind, your Editor wrote a "Christmas Column" in 1953. We will not repeat it now. But, in the evidence we have before us that hopes for Peace are at a high mark this year of 1959, we do ask you to read again just one portion of what we wrote in this space. We live in One World. There is as an example: ONE LIFE. May we not accept the Challenge of that ONE LIFE?

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE LIFE

"The Influence of One Life.....
"Millions have perished in war and terror.
"We survive.
"Millions are homeless.
"We are sheltered.
"This night in all the world, for every man well nourished, three are hungry.
"We are fed.

"The world's abundaance should have blessed mankind with health and competence. Instead is has been used to destory all these — to breed pestilence, misery and poverty.

"The finger of the bitter past points to a bloody page . . . 'and we shall meanly lose or nobly save the last best hope of earth.'

"Each life is tested by its answer to the question first asked in the world's beginning: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

One life was lived in answer. By all the formal measurements of greatness it should have failed. 'Twas such a little span of years in such a far-off lonely little land.

"He was born in a village stable. No birth could be lowlier, hence none need despair because of lowly birth. Possessed of profound wisdom, He had but meager education. None, therefore need despair for lack of schooling. No wife, no child . . . He showed each lonely heart its deepest need.

"For thirty years, near the village of his birth, He grew and learned His simple trade, shaping the native wood to serve the wants of home and craft.

"These years He wandered, teaching, shaping the native hearts to service of truth and love. He was never more than a few hundred miles from His birthplace.

"He held no earthly rank or office, wrote no book, no song; painted no picture, builded no monument.

"His native land was ruled by conquerors and foreign legions. While still in the flush of youth, His own peope turned against this Man who strangely taught that evil can only be overcome by good.

"He was denied by His close friend . . . deserted by most . . . betrayed for thirty pieces of silver by one He had befriended.

"One dark hour He knelt in the Garden. His hour of decision.

"He gave himself over to His enemies, was tried and condemned in mockery, spat upon and lashed, nailed to a cross between two thieves.

"He died asking forgiveness for His persecutors while His executioneers gambled for His only earthly possession . . . His robe.

"He was laid in a borrowed tomb.

"Nearly two thousand years have passed and none has reigned or wrought, or served, or dreamed who has so touched and moulded human life. He is the ideal . . . the example . . . who has inspired the noblest and humblest lives . . . the great unalterable, wholesome, growing influence in a world of blood and tears.

"He who was friendless would be a Friend to all. Homeless, He dwells in countless homes. Books on His life fill libraries. His gospels cover the earth. Song and music in His praise fill the heavens. Pictures, spires and monuments proclaim His influence. Scholars, illiterates, rich men, beggers, rulers and slaves . . . . . all are measured by His life.

"The names of Pharaoahs, Caesars, emperors and kings of all the ages have come and gone, are but ghosts upon a printed page. All their combined legions and military might are dust upon the land; their proud sea-borne armadas rust upon the ocean floor.

"But this one solitary life surpasses all in power. Its influence is the one remaining and sustaining hope of future years.

"Where does such power dwell?

"Be ye not therefore anxious saying: 'What shall we eat?' or 'Wherewithal shall we be clothed?' 'But seek ye first His Kingdom and His righteousness — and all these things shall be added unto you.'

"In a Roman court nearly twenty centuries ago, Pontius Pilate asked of the multitude demanding the death of this young Galilean:

"'I find no evil in Him. What shall I do with this Man?'

"Today each troubled heart must meet the challenge which the Pilate within asks:

"'WHAT SHALL I DO?'"

And so, Gentle Readers, this is our Christmas message! May the world learn to live by the Golden Rule, and at Christmas, 1959, we pay tribute to the ONE LIFE — the dynamic force for Peace, and understanding in a war-weary world, and our prayer is that Appomattox may play its part.

Yours for a Merry Christmas,

Calvin Robinson